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THE RUTGERS REVIEW

RUTGERS REVIEW

STUFF

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THE CAMPAIGN SCOOP // PULP NONFICTION // TWERK IT // THE BRAVEST GOAT // FWBS?

Ready for school

The British are coming!
Page 6

You can't sit with us!
Page 12

Where oh where has the middle class gone?
Page 14

Butts on butts on butts
Page 16

An in-depth look at our BFA finest
Page 20

We interviewed a bee-keeping lamb, without apology
Page 26

Our VP really, REALLY loves his guitar
Page 30

That awkwardly emotional girl in the lecture hall
Page 35

page 20

page 29

page 30

CULTURE

6 Culture Shock

8 Campaign Fresh

10 The Scare

12 Gretchen Weiners 4 Prez

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

13 Peter Pan Syndrome

14 What Middle Class???

16 Butts

18 Tarantino Unchained

FEATURE

20 Mom, I Wanna Go To Art School.

MUSIC

26 Unapologetically, Lady Lamb

28 Breaking the Sound Barrier

29 The Real Life Thrift Shop

30 Me and My Guitar

32 Twerk Til it Hurts

POTPOURRI

33 F Without B

34 On Being Neurotic

35 Why Must I Cry?

36 A Brave Goat in Ghana

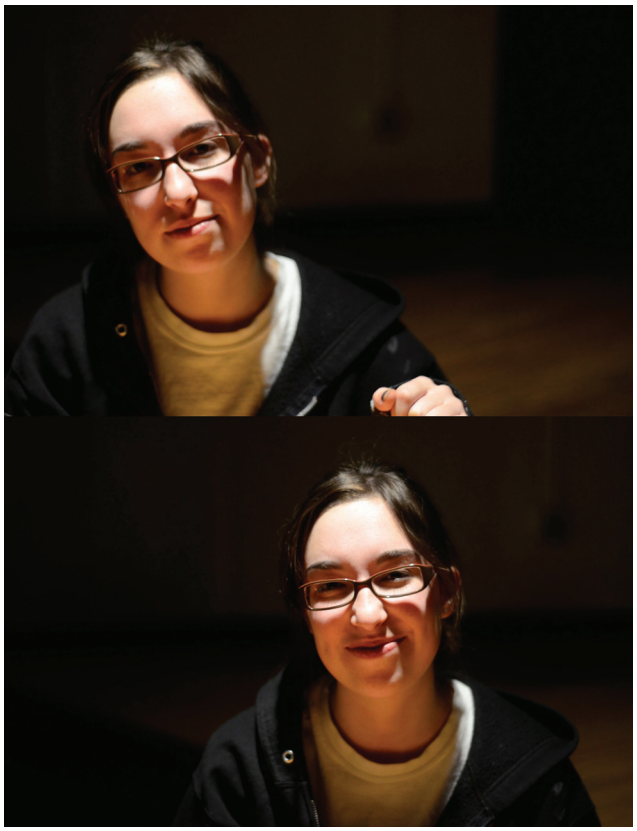
38 Let Teachers Play Too!!

39 Redemption

LIZZIE ROBERTS is a twerk-aholic Human Resource Management major from Cape May Court House, New Jersey whose favorite band is Kings of Leon. If she was a cartoon character, she would be Dug from Up, the type of person that greets everyone with a wide smile and lots of love, no matter how long she's known you. She has simple aspirations of being a happy millionaire and traveling to every state, two both very achievable goals for a person as motivated as Lizzie. For now, she's DJ Wolf on Mondays at 9 a.m. for WRSU, a perfect job for someone who thrives on any and all music, from Bruce Springsteen to A$AP Rocky. Equal to her passion for great tunes is her need to express it all in words, making her a much appreciated and very valued part of the Review.
Twerk Til it Hurts, Page 32

SATINDER KAUR BAWA didn't get her first salon haircut until she was 20; wild, right? But even wilder is that before she got it cut, her hair was all the way down to her knees. While Satinder notably dabbles in photography, her interests regularly include eating and world domination. But her curious personality doesn't stop there! After practicing Karate and Eskrima until third grade, she's since then reduced the contact of her hobbies and often knits and sews. Depending on how that whole world domination thing works out, Satinder hopes to one day run her own ad agency. One of our frequent designers, Satinder's ability to create beautiful layouts for our pieces makes her one of the greatest members of the Review Crew.
Illustration for 'On Being Neurotic,' Page 34

ALI WORTHINGTON spends her time sitting on porches, imagining her friends in faux-fur coats, and contemplating hand-drawn typography. When considering her aspirations, Ali writes that she wants to send smells through digital messaging and possibly vacation on another planet. This girl is far out. That's why she can take in and enjoy the new and unexpected. She is always pining to bring more into the realm of the beautiful. Growing up, Ali wanted to be a "painter of giraffes." We can only hope that one day she'll paint giraffes on Venus. Whatever that means. She's a Taurus so it might happen. Ali created the photo essay in this issue: Butts & Butts.
Illustration for 'The Scare,' Page 10



This is my first ever Letter from the Editor. I feel an enormous amount of pressure to write the perfect witty phrases, to captivate our readers with deep overarching themes and edgy commentary. But I'm human; I'm flawed (and currently concussed) and I can never appropriately express all of the things I want to say. Yet at its core, this issue has shaped up to be human as well. We explore common emotional crises, from the pains of getting older to the essential qualities of what it means to be an American. We rant about politics and explore the petty self-indulgence that has captivated our political sphere. We despair over the loss of the middle class, do the Harlem Shake, and get overly emotional over artwork. At the end of the day, we at *The Review* are human, and so are you, and that rests at the heart of everything we do and say: we run over goats and get concussions and upside-down twerk and occasionally take pictures of butts. This issue, then, is a reflection of our culture and of all of you. And in my currently-medicated mind, that seems like the appropriate expression of what I need to say.

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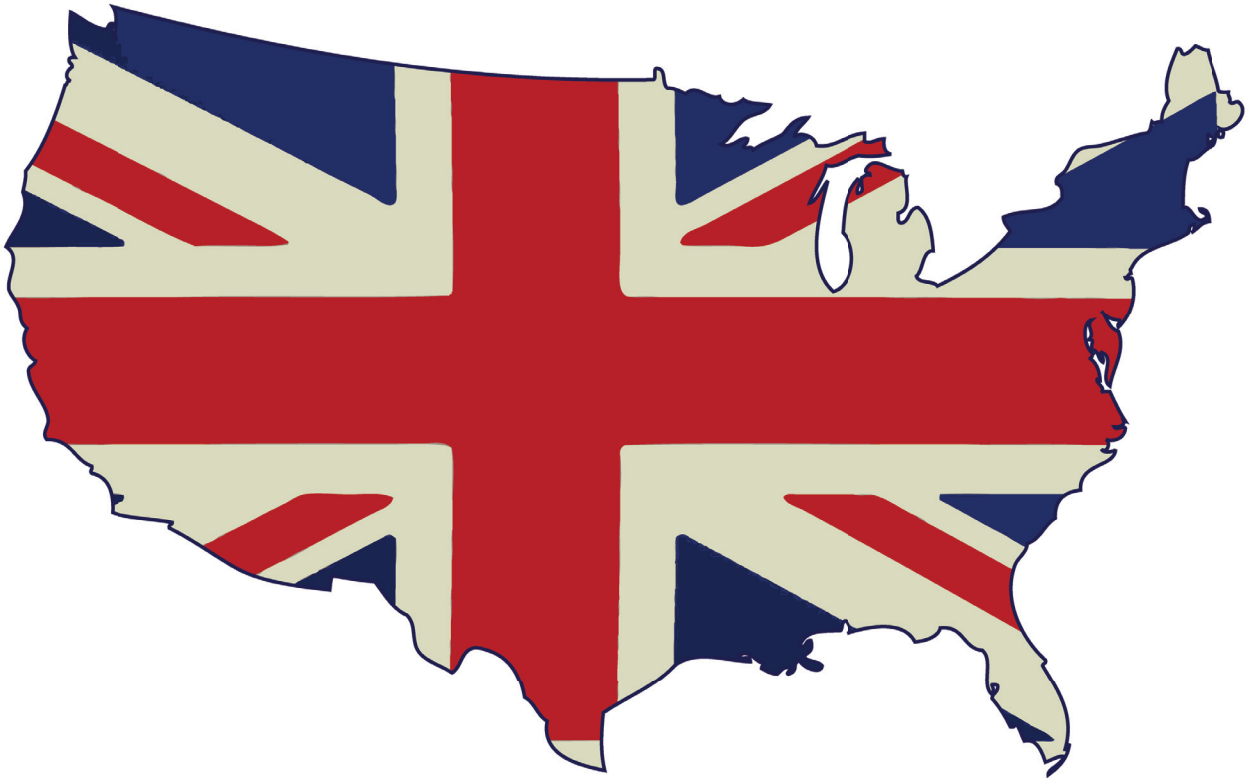


CULTURE SHOCK

BY GILLESPIE GUERECA ADAIR

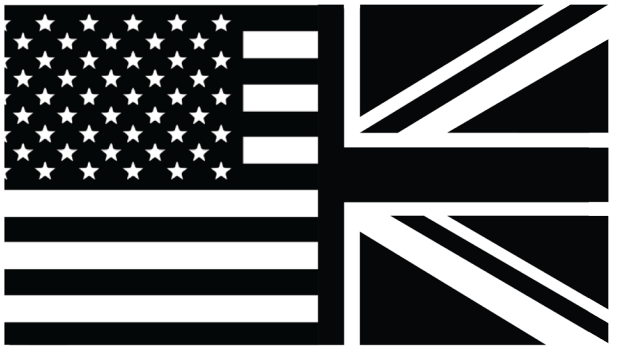
"WOULD YOU LIKE CHIPS WITH THAT?"

asks the woman behind the counter in Chipotle as I order my first-ever burrito. Unwittingly, I nod my head and to my complete surprise am handed a bag of crisps… not what I was expecting! This was the first of many culture shocks that have defined my short month in America.

If there were something to be said about American food, it is that you don't do things by half! To say that your portion sizes are large in comparison to back home would be the understatement of the century. In England a large pizza would be around 12 inches, whereas here I saw one for 28. I ordered a large

Pepsi, only to be handed a large bucket that I needed two hands to drink from. The quality of your takeaway food is also considerably higher. In England you're unable to just buy singular slices of pizza but need to buy the entire thing. And yet this all comes down to nothing in comparison to your aptly named "Fat Sandwiches." I don't think I've ever seen anything more likely to give you a heart attack than the challenge to get one named after you at the grease trucks. But who cares, I'm still going to try it!

The British are very proud of our language and are famed for the emphasis we place upon manners and etiquette. Yet my experience here has told me that the Americans are not only unlike this, but are proud of their directness. What may be considered rude (rightly or wrongly) back in England is considered the norm here. What struck me the most was people's readiness to ask very personal questions—often about ethnicity and family life—of those they have just met. This would be almost unheard of in Britain. Personal questions are often reserved for those you know well and have developed a relationship with over time. As such I was completely thrown when asked what ethnic background I had myself. It seems the amalgamated answer "*I'm British*" does not work here as people are eager to find out "where you are really from."



In terms of language, however, what gets me the most is the way you spell and pronounce the simplest things differently from us. Jam becomes jelly; crisps are chips; the length of the word programme is halved; colour is spelt without a U; your T's are pronounced as D's; aluminium is pronounced alu-min-um; you walk on the "sidewalk" as opposed to a "pavement," and you call each other "dude" and "bro." This is just the tip of the iceberg, and it all makes for at least one moment of confusion every single day.

Perhaps the most striking difference between British and American cultures is the way we both party. In Britain, as I'm sure you are bitterly aware, the drinking age is only 18. This means that rather than having parties, university students will go out clubbing. A group of friends will gather at someone's house or apartment for the 'pre-lash' (pre-game to you guys) to get drunk before heading out to the club where you would spend the night. On a weekday you would tend to stay out until around 3 am, staying out until 5 am or 6 am on a Friday or Saturday night. The situation is obviously a little different here, but you make up for it with the sheer personality of your parties. The improvised bar in the basement combined with the crush around the kegs almost force you to interact with other people at the party. You are able to meet so many new people in a few short hours that you will forget more names than you remember. This contrasts completely with the experience of clubbing back home, where you are unlikely to engage with many people outside of the group of friends you go out with.

And then you have beer pong… Of course, having never played before, I was thrust to the front of the queue and handed a "pong ball." Yet although everyone was very eager to help me play, they were even more eager to avoid losing to me. Twenty or so games later and I have only won once.

Everything from the actual drinks you have at parties to the music you play is different here. Yet towards the end of the night, when the kegs are beginning to empty and the music is slowing down, it's sparked up again with America's latest universal export, the one current similarity between our two nightlife cultures: the Harlem Shake!

I don't remember what percentage of precincts were reporting when some nameless newscaster called Ohio for Barack Obama.

I do remember my co-worker Peter jumping into my arms à la Yogi Berra and Don Larsen in the 1956 World Series and me hoisting him up in glee because our president had just been re-elected.

This, however, was more than just a moment in time; rather, it was the end of a journey that had begun some time before.

I'd always had an interest in politics. When I was four, my father had me memorize the list of presidents forwards and backwards. Why, I'm not quite sure—however, through the process, I learned about the Monroe Doctrine, Zachary Taylor's mishaps while eating milk and cherries and that the Whig Party didn't in fact arise out of like-minded gentlemen with premature balding.

As the campaign season began to heat up, I, as a then-twenty-year-old, felt that I had the ability to make a difference. We were looking at an election with the biggest divide between the candidates in a long time, certainly in my lifetime. While I'd be the last to say I agree with Obama's stances to a T, I was legitimately frightened for the first time in my young life with the path the government might take. I saw Mitt Romney as a threat to friends who were either part of the LGBT community, of a lower income level, or devoid of a Y chromosome. I saw Obama as their champion, albeit an imperfect one. Rather than regale you with hair-raising adventures about making phone calls and restocking the sub-standard coffee, I'd like to recap my canvassing trips to Philadelphia.

I boarded the bus for my first trip into North Philadelphia at 7:30am on a Saturday morning with members of the SEIU 1199 union. The folks I rode with were fervent, which I liked to see, but beyond uninformed, to be honest. Much is made about swaths of the country, especially the South, voting for Romney because he's white, but the fact of the matter is that there's a ton of black folks voting for Obama solely due to the color of his skin. Racism works both ways. And for better or worse, it made my job easier. I wasn't trying to sway or convert these people; rather, I was just reminding them to actually leave the house and vote. There was no doubt as to whom they would support.

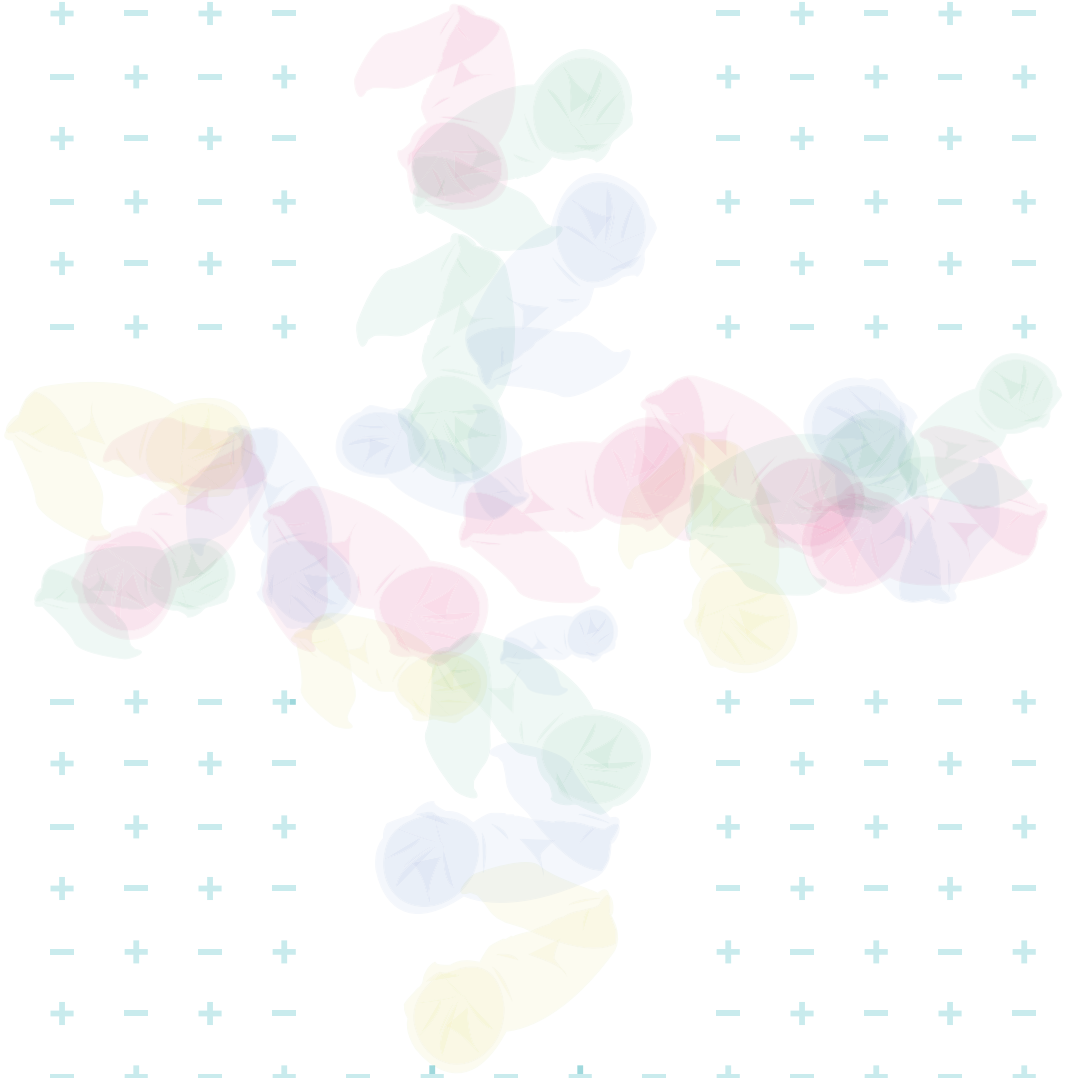
I kept signing up for trips. In West Philadelphia (not born and raised, Fresh Prince fans—I'm a Manhattan boy), I was thrust into some bad neighborhoods. Alone. There's nothing like a "hey welcome to lower class America" than an offer to do some crack in a house with decaying light fixtures. I appreciated the generosity but respectfully declined. However, this was the beginning of a recurring theme: generosity from those without the means to necessarily support such gestures. Single mothers, many working two jobs with a handful of mouths to feed, were inviting me in for lunch or a warm beverage. Campaign headquarters forbid us from accepting such an invitation, either due to safety concerns or some Federal Election Commission law, but I wished I could have, if only just to hear what exactly these folks were going through, as it was a world entirely foreign to mine.

This is not to say that everything was sunshine and rainbows on the streets of Philly—I stuck out like a sore white thumb, and I knew it. I heard the word "cracker" more times in those days than a worker at a Saltine factory. But I can't necessarily blame these downtrodden Philadelphians, as white was often the color of the loan shark, bill collector, or politician who didn't exactly have these folks' interests at heart.

I'm not one to mince words: the world of politics is petty, often playing out like a who's-fucking-who gossip fest usually just confined to high school hallways. That being said, politicians shape our lives for better or worse, and the more say we have in the matter, the better. Did I enjoy every minute of the campaign process? No. Not even close. But when I heard on MSNBC that the ground game, spurred on by the Obama for America New Jersey office, made a big difference in Pennsylvania, I can't help but feel my time was well spent. Hey, at least I got a free iPhone case out of it.

Thinkin' 'bout change

BY DALTON MACK



THE SCARE

BY NIKKO ESPINA

"THEN YOU FREEZE. YOUR SYMPTOMS ARE UNDER **HIV.**"

College: the unquestionable land of hookups. Random, drunken, hot, delirious, routine, and... unprotected? Indeed, many of us have been there, regretfully or indifferently so. We have this idea of casual sex as being just that, protected or not. We have sex, we orgasm, and we move on like nothing happened; those moments of artificial intimacy slip to the back of our minds. This societal perspective is problematically mainstream, supported by the different poisons of sexualized entertainment within pop culture we desire to inject into our youthful veins. However, there is one crucial and, for some reason, invisible aspect that we sometimes fail to uphold—that our casual sex is also SAFE sex.

This may be painful, but think back to your last hookup. Did mysterious symptoms appear shortly after? Did you consider the possibility of them resulting from your previous sexual encounter? If you are like me, you felt an immediate twinge of doubt. You warily Googled your symptoms with the keyword "STD" and Voila! You've created a personal nightmare. Suddenly, you find all these websites listing STDs and scroll through, looking for your symptoms and their match. Then you freeze. Your symptoms are under "HIV."

Over Thanksgiving break, I had unprotected sex. I knew what was happening, but I didn't care. That brief moment of emptiness later brought long moments of regret. While making plans to hook up, not once did I ask his status nor when he was last tested. I forgot the basic knowledge I needed for my own safety by blindly assuming he was clean because he was a "friend." Post-sex and anxiety-ridden, I texted him and asked when he was last tested. He replied, "You only text me when you want something!!!" Fair enough. But how crummy was he for not giving me an answer?

So I asked when he last had sex, and he told me, "the week before." Um. What? My brain dumped itself into a chaotic tornado. I thought: "How could he have been so casually unprotected with me when he JUST had sex with someone else? Was he protected last week? Was that partner infected? How could I do this to myself for a second time!? HIV, HIV, HIV." I could only wait, get tested, and hope for no forthcoming symptoms. But there were. A couple weeks later, I found a weird lump in the side of my neck, a swollen lymph node in my groin, a mysterious red rash on my chest, and times when my body felt warmer than normal. I researched my symptoms with HIV and tried to assess my risk by comparing my situation to others. An odd comfort seemed to ease my panic when reading the posts of those that were as scared as I was. Hours were spent obsessively reading exposure stories and symptom-related questions, looking for a peace of mind I would not find. I started to delay homework because I was too distracted. How could homework possibly be more important than my legitimate fear of contracting this lifelong virus from an unprotected hookup? I became a paranoid hypochondriac.

The waiting consumed me. When I was finally sitting, waiting, wishing in my local clinic, my friend texted me saying: "Just relax. :)" I took a deep breath and calmed myself down. A small blonde woman came out of the office and led me to another room. She pricked my finger for an instant antibody test and initiated small talk. Luckily, she was interesting enough for it to be worthwhile. "What's an intelligent young man from Rutgers doing in a place like this?" she asked. I smiled and said, "I have no idea." The ice was breaking, and it felt like we were becoming friends, yet her gaze remained professionally reserved. After ten minutes of conversation, trying not to peek at the results and signing the cross, she carefully pushed the plastic testing meter towards me. There was one line. I was negative.

In one breath I exhaled all demons, doubt, and overall mental destruction into the relief of that single line. Strangely, I knew all along I would be okay, but I was relieved to finally breathe. Before I went on my way with a paper bag of complimentary condoms, I hugged her and thanked her for her work. Her name was Susan.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALI WORTHINGTON

Gretchen Weiners 4 Prez

BY TYLER HEPBURN

Let's be honest – politics in America has become a comedy similar to *Mean Girls*, albeit mid-life crisis induced. Politicians, instead of actually trying to work together and fix today's problems, would rather publicly attack and gossip about the other point of view. After the recent election, it's clear that both the Democratic and Republican parties are guilty of this pettiness to a shocking degree, to the point where it becomes hilarious. Harry Reid and Mitt Romney getting into Twitter fights, or Clint Eastwood and Barack Obama going toe-to-toe – at this point, Gretchen Wieners may as well be screaming that Regina George "can't sit with us" because she wore sweatpants on a Monday.

Rewind to October and November of 2012. The banter in this election's presidential debates was so ridiculous, Saturday Night Live's weekly renditions were un-laughably accurate. Throughout the campaigning, the attacks got dirtier and dirtier, and less focused on actual issues. It's like prom all over again. There's always the two popular girls campaigning to be prom queen, attacking each other with little details to get the upper hand. First, it's that Kelly doesn't shop at H&M but instead gets her clothes from Walmart, so clearly she shouldn't be given the honor; then Betty was actually cheating on Brad with Kevin, so that kind of skanky behavior is way worse than shopping at Walmart. Unfortunately, the equivalent happens in politics as well. First, it's that Obama didn't consider attack American consulate in Libya "an act of terror"; but wait, remember that time Romney said that 47% percent of Americans are dependent on the government? Not to mention, they certainly couldn't help interrupting each other, or the moderator for that matter, to put in a snarky remark or two in rebuttal.

It's the shock value of declaring you've got "binders full of women" that gains you attention in the media, and therefore more exposure to your potential voters. But why can't politicians get that publicity by explaining their policies? Instead of working together and finding common ground on important issues, the people behind America's government end up acting like hormonal teenagers who are far too concerned with having something over everyone else. The debates this year have portrayed politics as a game of finding where the other person has slipped up and using it against them. Sure, it's an essential tactic when trying to promote yourself as a valid presidential candidate. But at the end of the day, it becomes far too personal and character attacking, rather than discussing plans and policies for the future.

IT'S LIKE PROM ALL OVER AGAIN. THERE'S ALWAYS THE TWO POPULAR GIRLS CAMPAIGNING TO BE PROM QUEEN, ATTACKING EACH OTHER WITH LITTLE DETAILS TO GET THE UPPER HAND.

PETER PAN SYNDROME

BY CARLI HOLDEN
ILLUSTRATION BY SATINDER K. BAWA

GROWING OLD DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU SAY GOODBYE TO YOUTH AND THE FREEDOMS AND LIFE ASSOCIATED WITH THAT; IT MEANS THAT YOU ARE GIVEN A CHANCE TO MAKE AN IMPACT.

Someone recently said to me, "Do not regret growing older. It is a privilege denied to many." A privilege? This was a thought that was foreign to me. Wasn't television constantly forcing products down my throat to erase time and make me feel younger? Weren't movies always glamorizing the young hero or heroine? More often, I feel that we're living in a Peter Pan generation in which growing up is the most crippling experience a person could have. I used to stop myself from laughing or scowling because that would give me wrinkles! I wasn't certain where this idea of embracing aging as a privilege would fit into my "We Are Young" anthem lifestyle.

Just look at the entertainment industry. There arrives an up-and-coming celebrity, the "it" star, and everyone fawns over her; but once time starts to take a toll she is banned to the island of reality TV: where old celebrities go to cling to some strand of their former glory. Look no further than *Dancing with the Stars*. It's the time slot where over-the-hill celebrities are rendered to a dancing reality show. The fear that aging is what's left over after we've accomplished everything great in our lives is the same fear that keeps me clinging to youth.

But what if we've got it wrong? What if there is something beautiful in growing old and a privilege in leaving youth behind? How would my life change if I believed that the best was yet to come? I mean I love the "live for tonight" mentality but what happens if there are many nights to come? If I have to grow old why should I be afraid of that? Making the most of a life is a privilege afforded to aged. Suddenly, the ideas of Keisha's *Die Young* and One Direction's *Live Like We're Young* feel uninspiring at best. Growing old doesn't mean that you say goodbye to youth and the freedoms and life associated with that; it means that you are given a chance to make an impact. It means that the education, life lessons, and experiences that we have been blessed with in youth are there to make our futures even greater. And so, I've decided that I want to use my youth in such a way that each day propels me towards a better day. What a gift and a privilege it would be to be able to say not "I wish I was young again," but "Look at where my youth has brought me." Maybe life is the privilege and each stage a gift.

When someone says "the American Dream" I usually think of a house, a picket fence, and two to three kids. Presumably, because of all that, *Leave It to Beaver*. No one was unattainably wealthy, or devastatingly impoverished, and everyone from *The Honeymooners* to *The Brady Bunch* complained about money, and had no more than one car. The Huxtables, from *The Cosby Show*, had a family unit of one lawyer and one doctor and even this decently well-off crew had only a living room and a dining room and kitchen on the first floor of their house. Most of the sitcoms in TV history reflected the expansive middle class but now, as the middle class has dwindled, so has its representation in media.

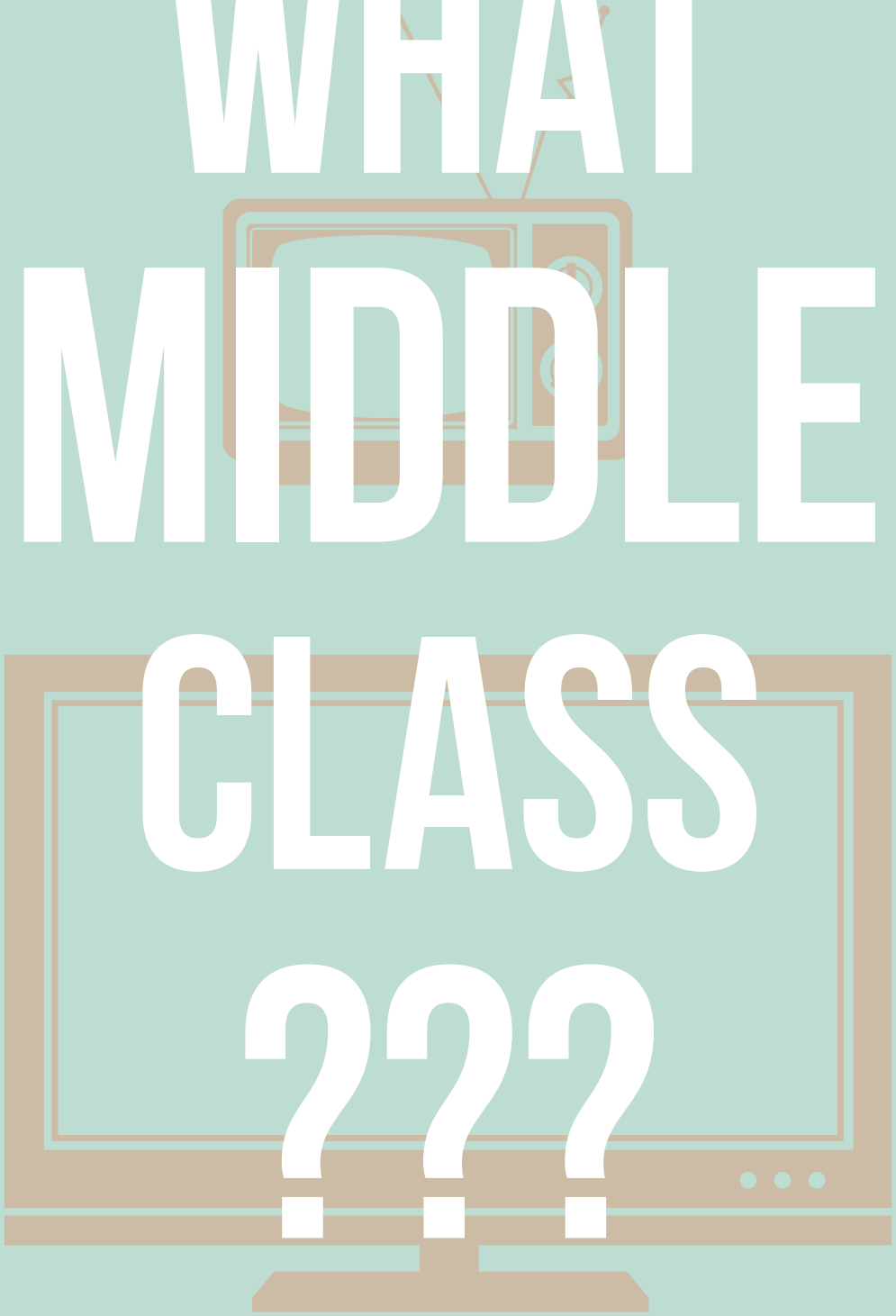
Interestingly, in the midst of the modern economic crisis, TV viewers weren't provided with more underprivileged family units to take up air time, but exceedingly wealthy households. We went from the simplistic life of snarky *Rosanne* to the economically endowed characters of *Modern Family*. When I watch that show I notice that there are three households that live lavishly. But isn't one of the dads a high school music teacher? Doesn't one house have three kids? Doesn't anyone need to save for college?

Then there's *Sex and the City*, a TV-show-turned-movie about a New York City writer navigating the dating scene. In 1998, when the show began, the protagonist Carrie Bradshaw had a one bedroom apartment, maxed out her credit cards, and whined about the expense of retail therapy. By 2004, when the show went off air, the curly-haired blonde was a best-selling author and working for *Vogue*. When the movie released in 2008, Carrie had inexhaustible funds and lived just as glamorously during the 2010 sequel. During a time when the rest of America was suffering devastating financial hardships, they were stuck watching a woman and her four friends traveling, shopping, and dining beyond average economic means. The financial disparity between reality and television just keeps getting bigger and bigger.

Now, when I switch from TV Land to Fox 5 I go from feeling on-par (if not more privileged) to feeling that my upbringing was economically inadequate. I stare at the screen and wonder how those kids in *Gossip Girl* get to live like 26-year-old pop stars. The reality shows depicting "Real Housewives" make me want to call my mother and tell her she did it wrong; she should have been drinking wine and shopping for designer apparel this whole time. It's strange because in real life, there are poor people, so then I begin to wonder if the influx of wealth on-screen is a sneaky manipulation of what I am supposed to be wanting. Maybe the message is that picket fences are not enough, unless they line the edges of your in-ground swimming pool. Perhaps it isn't a massive conspiracy dedicated to consumerism that will jump start the economy; maybe the American Dream simply has changed. The ideal isn't to build a sustainable household, it's to join the ranks of the upper class and leave those middle class fools behind. I already knew the Joneses were hard to keep up with but now they keep changing who they are! I give up.

THE FINANCIAL DISPARITY BETWEEN REALITY AND TELEVISION JUST KEEPS GETTING BIGGER AND BIGGER.

WHAT MIDDLE CLASS ???



by Alysia Slocum

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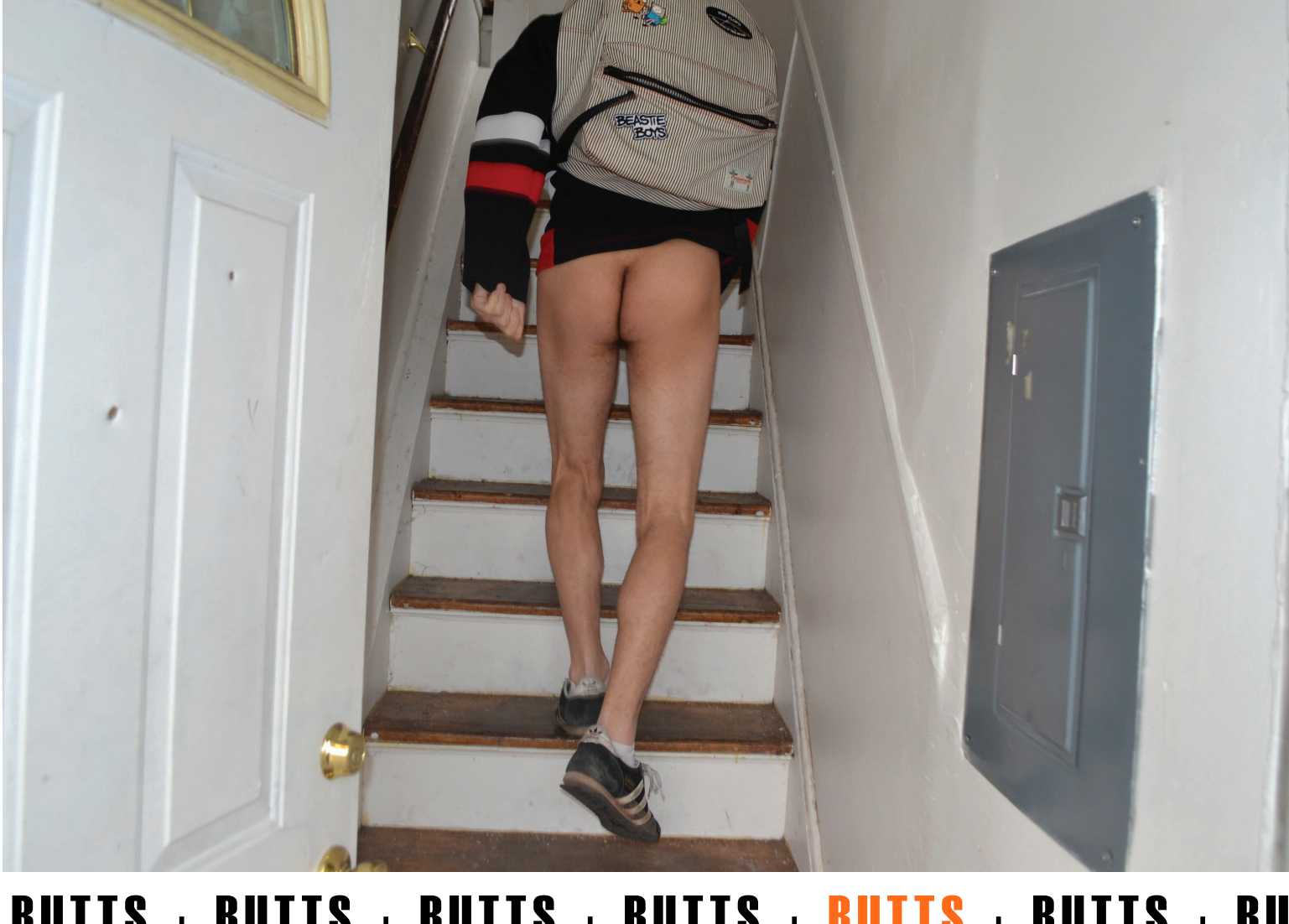

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TARANTINO UNCHAINED

BY EDWARD REEP

Few filmmakers have captured the imagination of our generation in the way Quentin Tarantino has. The movies that Tarantino writes and directs bear his distinct touch, which is to say they are subversive, thoughtful, and always cool. His movies are often artistic as well as entertaining, and they satisfy in both cerebral and visceral ways. For your consideration, I offer my analysis and ranking of his entire filmography, which I define as all the feature films he has written and directed.

8

JACKIE BROWN

Based on the crime novel Rum Punch, Jackie Brown is probably Tarantino's most "normal" film, though it has some signature Tarantino elements such as tangential conversations and artistic extended shots. The film follows a colorful cast of characters including an arms dealer, flight attendant, and bail bondsman and has a standard crime drama plot. Though Jackie Brown provides some very interesting scenes and characters, I felt like it could have been more engaging. It's good but lacks the same spark that's in Tarantino's other efforts.

7

KILL BILL VOL. 1

Following a female assassin who wants revenge against her former coworkers, Kill Bill Vol. 1 and 2 are really one story told in two parts, and I think both movies are worse for the separation. Instead of being one grand epic film, Kill Bill Vol. 1 and 2 neither feel complete on their own nor fit comfortably together in the way that Act 1 and Act 2 of a long play might. Kill Bill Vol. 1 is the weaker of the halves, being too short and action-packed to really draw you into the narrative/characters or leave you feeling satisfied. This being said, there are so many exciting, ultra-violent sequences and memorable moments in Kill Bill Vol. 1 that it actually works quite well in a weird style-over-substance way.

6

DEATH PROOF

Death Proof was originally released in theaters as part of Grindhouse, a double feature which also included Robert Rodriguez's zombie film Planet Terror and a series of humorous fake trailers. It is probably best seen in that form, but the film certainly stands on its own. Death Proof is a creative killer thriller in which the killer's weapon of choice is an automobile. Structurally, however, it's unlike any other killer thriller you've seen, having a very talky first half swarming with Tarantino's signature tangential conversations. The eventual automobile-based action in the film is exhilarating, and the artsy elements of the first half are an interesting change of pace for these types of movies.

5

RESERVOIR DOGS

Reservoir Dog's is Tarantino's first film and maybe also his most iconic. A group of criminals dressed in black and white suits who only know each other by pseudonyms are involved in a robbery that goes sour: violence, tension, screaming, and lots of flashbacks ensue. This film introduces all of Tarantino's signature elements from non-linear storytelling to tangential conversations to artistic extended shots and does so with panache and intensity. What crime drama oozes as much cool or has violence as stylistically interesting?

4

KILL BILL VOL. 2

I am actually a big fan of Kill Vol. 2. Though it is worse than a single Kill Bill movie would have been, Kill Vol. 2 delivers. It has all the character development that should have been in Vol. 1 while also providing us with some intense intimate fights. There is a lot less action in this film than in Vol. 1, but we as an audience are more invested in the action that is here.

3

INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS

With Inglourious Basterds, Tarantino gives us a historically inaccurate WWII movie set in an ultra-violent, movie-obsessed version of occupied Europe. Allies and Nazis alike are psychopaths in this movie where the former are presented as the most bloodthirsty. Tarantino masterfully works all his signature elements with a cast of highly memorable, highly colorful characters. Inglourious Basterds is magic in my opinion.

2

DJANGO UNCHAINED

Django Unchained is best thought of as an even better version of Inglourious Basterds. Instead of Nazis being sadistically brutalized in an alternate universe WWII, racists and slave-owners are brutalized in an alternate universe Antebellum South. The violence in this movie feels more subversive than the violence in Inglourious Basterds, and it is also more satisfying because we get to see the injustices that inspire the main characters to engage in it. Inglourious Basterds simply assumed its audience would hate Nazis, but Django Unchained shows us events that make us hate racists and slave-owners.

1

PULP FICTION

When people think of Quentin Tarantino, they think of Reservoir Dogs, or they think of Pulp Fiction. This one's become a classic after all. Telling a series of interconnected crime stories non-chronologically, Pulp Fiction develops themes and character arcs that play out beautifully by the end. One of the most unique aspects of the film is how a large portion of its dialogue is not story-related. Many scenes consist of characters just shooting the breeze or philosophizing with each other. No other Tarantino has as many tangential conversations, but all the conversations help you understand the characters and are entertaining in their own right. Pulp Fiction is by far Tarantino's most artsy film and also his most affecting and engaging.

Mom, I wanna go to Art School.

Come and see art only a mother could love.

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roRy Ro$eNbErg

Untitled

Styles Spacing Lists

my real name is charles robert rosenberg and i have never thought of myself as an artist. i just see things. things made by another person or in the world, and i get excited. i get excited and i use my brain and i go make it. or at least i try to. i want to fail. i want to bounce off of that failure and turn it into something else. i never trust anything i make but i make shit always, regardless of medium or meaning.

contemporary courting:
three friends and i get together in the same room. i've known them since i started school. we bounce energy off of each other and hopefully it connects into something that makes us laugh. Something that makes us glad to have known one another.

"painting as an art form enchants but also forces the question of its ability to convey any meaning. there is belief and disbelief in painting's ability to communicate meaning but i consistently paint so i guess i believe in it enough."

-quote from myself two years ago

<3

www.roryrosenberg.com

THERESA FRANCISCO

I do not paint because I want to, I do it because I need to in order to sanely exist in this social structure. Paint, as a material, can be left as residue on me and the objects I own, but it should not be a badge of honor.

My actions (in painting) are spurred by someone, not something. "Something" is inanimate and cold, but "someone" has heart.

This is vulnerable because it is not structured within myself but within other people around me.

There is a persona in your paintings. There is some acting involved. There is a need to become what you paint because everyone thinks you are what you paint. Americans are their jobs. I desire to be my job. And I love America.

I paint confident sex in front of unconfident viewers. What I am unsatisfied with but desire to be satisfied with.

Women are silly in obvious ways while men are silly in complicated ways and this deserves some attention.

Men are powerful in obvious ways while women are powerful in more complicated ways and this deserves some attention.

My paintings should exaggerate the gender divide only in satire. Painting as an action and practice should minimize the gender divide.

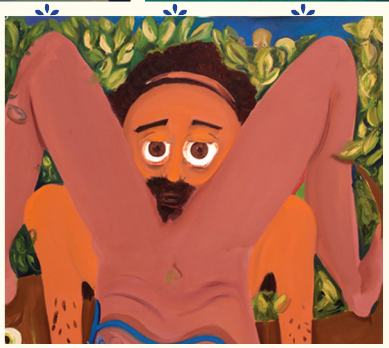
My paintings should travel farther than I do. They should know more people than I do, and be liked more than I am. I am not popular, they are.

You are unsuccessful only if you stop making. Make as much as possible and it is never wrong or shameful.

I have a great distaste for those who do not use their hands. You do not know much about living with polished pure chubby fingers and long colored claws. I could simply stick my hand in a pile of mud and know more about living than you.

I have no qualms of a misstep. I will not die as a result of a misled line, shape, or color, at least where I am from. I am not scared because I have nothing to lose. I want to be scared again.

See more of my work at theresafrancisco.com



My art practice means having conversations, primarily asking questions. It means going full speed into building something and trying to figure out what is next through multiple perspectives. It also means taking risks and not having to worry about an abundance of consequences that often inhibit interesting interaction.

I read and I look at art, I play basketball, I like to drive. I have conversations and I spend time alone. I guess I just make things. There is the studio where I go to work; I try not to bring much else with me. There is all this stuff there. I trust the materials and I build something. I spend a bit of time looking at what I have done and sometimes it makes sense, often it doesn't. Reflection is pretty important to me.

I recently transferred from The Savannah College of Art and Design and spent a few years painting houses in between. My past two years at Mason Gross have allowed me to clearly see the importance of hanging around others who are dedicated to doing things.

Next year I plan on moving to Jersey City, getting into a shared studio space and working as many part-time jobs as it takes to continue making work in the area. I want to keep meeting interesting people and making new friends while I'm still here. I may go to graduate school on the West Coast within the next 2 years.

ADAM MURRAY

JILLIAN SOLLAZO

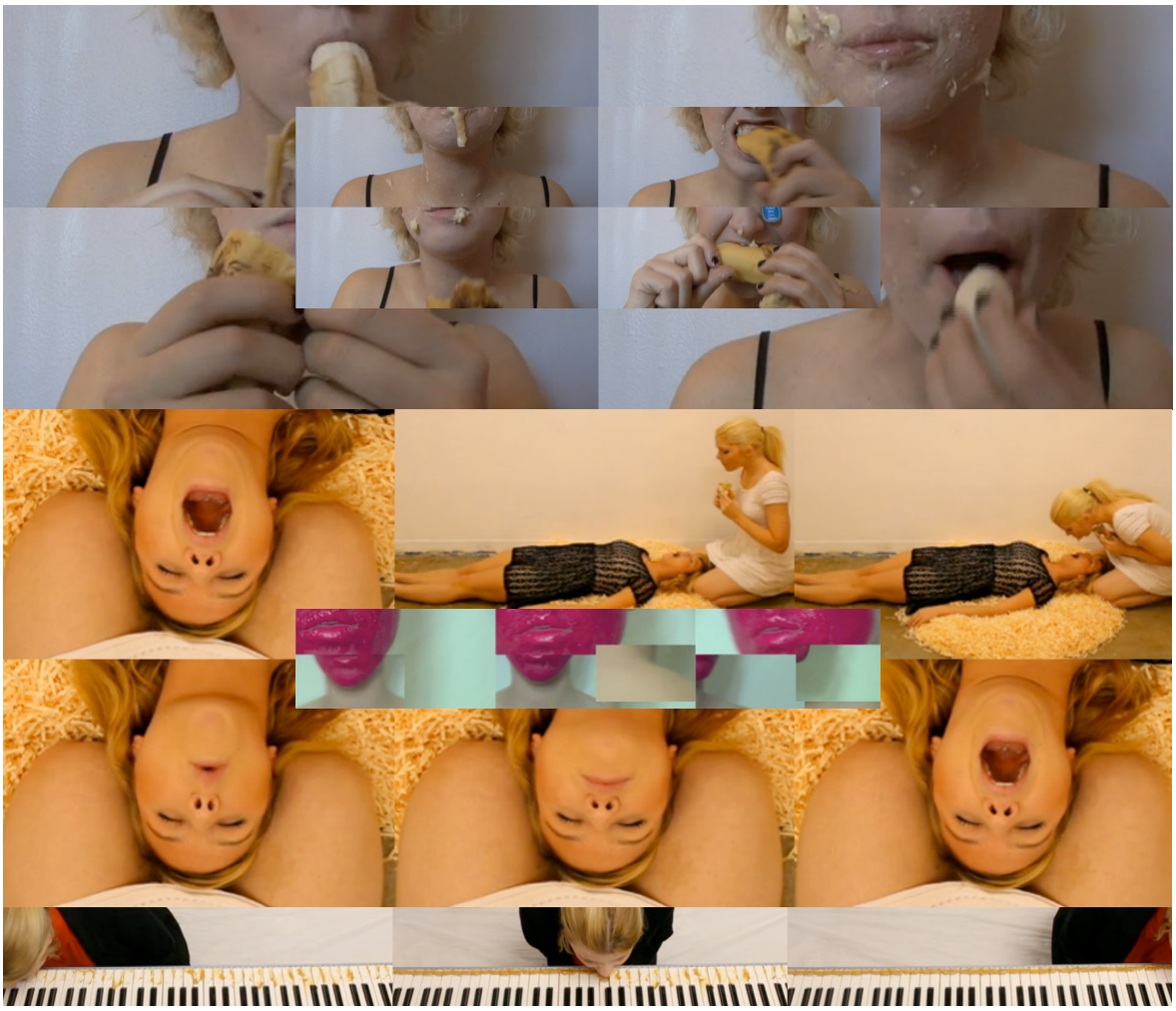
I had a bedroom with wood panel walls, painted white. It felt like a tree house. It made me question the relationship between the inside home and the outside world.

Is there even a real inside that is separate from the real outside? Houses are created from nature. Even when a person is home and inside, outside surrounds them constantly.

I use a pinhole camera made from a paint can. The seconds have to be counted and the lighting has to be just right. The camera doesn't need to be held or focused, allowing more time for me to interact with my locations and enjoy them. To clear my mind and pull my thoughts together. The whole experience is very intimate. I shoot alone and keep to myself, even afterwards in the darkroom.

I create a dreamlike mix of inside spaces and nature. I expose a certain number of photo papers at one location, then continue to another and expose them again. Depending on exposure time or lighting, one might overtake the other, resulting in a "battle" between the interior and exterior.

The pinhole camera captures the eerie calmness of the places I shoot. Color film creates a surreal world filled with enchanted, unnatural colors that come to life and breathe in a natural way. The colors form a safe and soothing place in the photograph—it reminds me of my attachment to the location and the time I spent there. I hope to convey my adoration for the locations I shoot through creating this strange yet comfortable world for my viewer to live in.



Mariah Honecker

//\\//\\//\\//\\//\\ vimeo.com/mariahhonecker //\\//\\//\\//\\//\\

I find individuals and their reaction to art more intriguing than the works themselves. I try to extract a feeling from my viewer. I want them to laugh, gag, or both. Any instinctive reaction from my viewer makes me feel successful. I take a simple idea, with simple means, and create an atmosphere that is both personal and open to the public.

Art is my escape. I can be in the editing room or my studio, working, and be completely "in the zone." I don't run from reality, but look to escape from all the other things constantly running through my head: money, pressure, self-esteem. I try to break through barriers I've built within myself through creating.

To some, video is a new and exciting medium to experiment with, but I do it because it is all I have ever wanted to do. It's helped me come out of my comfort zone and become a more daring and confident person. I never anticipated performance would become such a large part of my practice. With my first performance piece, Hand Picked With Care, I really tried to do something I have never done before. At first, I didn't think I was going to show it to anyone.

My strength in video is editing, but with performance, not much editing is needed. I think the combination of my editing skills with performance is something that can really be explored through my work.

You catch more bees with honey

UNAPOLOGETICALLY, LADY LAMB

WORDS AND PHOTO BY RACHEL A. LISNER

The name Lady Lamb the Beekeeper hatched from an inexplicable mid-sleep scribble in a dream journal: a notebook dedicated to documenting the stories of a brain's nighttime wanderings in an attempt to lucid dream. Despite the inability to control her own sleep adventures, Aly Spaltro, 23, originally from Brunswick, Maine, gave purpose to the words scrawled in her sleep to make her real-life dreams come true. I was lucky enough to discuss Lady Lamb's humble beginnings as an unsigned musician, to producing her new full length studio album, *Ripely Pine* (released 2/19 on Ba Da Bing! Records) and her future plans.

Lady Lamb the Beekeeper now serves as Spaltro's moniker for her folk-rock act, occupying the stage solo, shredding on her impressive Fender Jazzmaster electric guitar. "So my name is Aly and this is my band, it's called Lady Lamb the Beekeeper," she announces alone, capturing the crowds of small northeastern venues, or when opening for artists more well-known by the alternative masses, like Beirut, Kaki King, and Amanda Palmer.

Don't let the cutesy name fool you; Lady Lamb's mighty songs refuse to be taken lightly without their own permission. Live, she presents her music unapologetically. The lyrics read like pure poetry riddled in metaphors and sensitive proclamations about love, with the undeniably powerful electric guitar, and emotionally honest vocals that evolve into passionate screams. "I have trouble writing things that I haven't gone through myself, and I think that's what really speaks to other people," she says, "that universal relation of that 'I know what that is' even if there's metaphors under it."

Prior to signing with a Ba Da Bing!, Lady Lamb the Beekeeper released several bedroom-recorded albums that supplied a decent repertoire of material to work with. Spaltro points out the difficulty in narrowing her options. "There were times before recording where I'd have thirty songs, and I'd wanna put all thirty songs on the record. Like, how the hell--how do I scratch these off?" Ultimately, she picked the songs she felt were "looming around for years," and "really nagging." Spaltro explains that while the album strings together, the songs are individual entities. "I really see them as these little kindergarten kids. That they're each very separate, they're each very unique. And some of them are a little rambunctious, and some of them are quieter. But they each want to do their own thing and this is my attempt to let them be themselves. If they wanna paint a picture, then do it. But here's paper--don't do it on the walls," she says. "Sort of like giving them some parameters but letting them be themselves."

New and old listeners alike will be most engaged by *Ripely Pine*'s fourth track, "Bird Balloons," which is most exemplary of such development. The song is complete with rocking electric guitar, symphonic strings, and a final triumphant cackle to tell us how love falls apart, that a tiny bit of revenge is sweet. The new take on a fan favorite is the kind of jam for blasting at full volume, and nothing less.

The song holds a great deal of importance to Spaltro. "I really feel that it's representative of me because it came at a point when I was discovering who I was musically and not compromising," she says. "If I was in the basement writing a seven-minute-long song, I was just committing to it and not apologizing for it and not editing it," she explains, saying the song "represents the confidence that I received from sort of owning it, and being like, this is what I do and I don't care who cares about it. I care about it. And luckily, other people did care about it."

Such intense confidence is evident when the song concludes, "My hair grew long, so I fucking cut it! And when you looked away, I stuck those trimmings in your locket. Ha ha ha ha ha ha." Lady Lamb definitely has the last laugh.

Ripely Pine, a lyric from the album's penultimate track, 'The Nothing Part II', (That you may ripely pine, in the mammoth nothing of the night) also holds specific meaning. "It's kind of a made-up phrase," she admits, "'ripely' being an adverb. To ripely pine, meaning to long for something. I think of someone with a really sad heart that's longing for something." Spaltro's home state of Maine coincidentally happens to be nicknamed 'the pine tree state.'

Spaltro insists that despite the new musical intricacy of her songs, she intends to continue touring on her own. "I really don't see that my time playing solo is up. I really feel like I can tour the country a couple more times by myself," she reveals. "For now, I'm perfectly content with still sharing this material solo. And I'm not afraid that people won't receive it well. I think that the record and my live shows can be different entities, and that that's going to be okay for a while."

The future holds a lot for Lady Lamb the Beekeeper. "I am definitely starting to set up shows all over the place. There's some Europe stuff in the works. And I'm hoping to do some support tours all over the country, up in Canada, and really everywhere." Lady Lamb continues to build momentum: driven and undeniably charming, she's confident that her career is only beginning.

To read my full Q&A with Lady Lamb, visit www.rutgersreview.wordpress.com

Ripely Pine, is available for digital download via iTunes and for more information/tour dates, visit www. ladylambthebeekeeper.com.

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER

BY AMANDA MATTEO

I HAVE THIS FRIEND WHO'S COMPLETELY PSYCHOTIC. She follows musicians on Twitter and then around the country. Tweeting at them like they owe her something, she's always really flattered when they happen to remember something about her. What she doesn't realize is how psychotic she is. They only remember her because she's crazy, and I wouldn't doubt if they'd already blocked her from their Twitter feeds. But then again, who am I to question her enthusiasm? Is our modern-day accessibility to musicians too extreme, or is it entirely dependent on the particular fan? The way in which each person experiences music is clearly different, and although I'm not a fan of receiving restraining orders, maybe people like my friend cannot help but be passionately stalker-like. Who am I to judge?

I have some of the same favorite artists as my enthusiastic friend, and we've even met up before at their respective concerts (me driving one hour, her driving upwards of six). Yet there seems to be a huge gap between how we both connect to the music. The best day of my life was meeting my favorite musician, and I proudly kept the picture of us on my Facebook profile for an excessively long time. I keep my signed CD copy in a special place, aside from the common CDs that don't have his mark. But here's the gap: after that, I felt complete. I didn't need to meet him seventeen times to feel satisfied, because I like the distance. I like not being in his inner circle because it leaves an aura of mystery around the band and what they do post-2 hour show. Sure, being up close and personal with a band seems like a cool thing, but what if you don't like what you see? Breaking the barrier between yourself and an artist paves the way for potential disappointment, because, at the end of the day, musicians are people too. We, as a culture, tend to glorify "the musician" and idolize "the lifestyle", when in reality, we have no idea what that actually entails. I don't think the discovery is worth a potential restraining order.

I DIDN'T NEED TO MEET HIM SEVENTEEN TIMES TO FEEL SATISFIED, BECAUSE I LIKE THE DISTANCE.

If music is supposed to be the fundamental connection between you and an artist, why do we feel the need to go any further? I can meet you for thirty seconds and give you a hug, but I'll never connect to you more than during a really damn good set and spontaneous on-stage banter. That's where we're supposed to connect. We're supposed to connect through the music, because that's what it's all about. I'm supposed to cry when you play my favorite song and I'm supposed to feel like you're singing only to me. But it's supposed to happen from a distance: me in the audience, and you on the stage, where you belong.

ILLUSTRATION BY NICOLLE ROCHINO

The first time I listened to *The Heist*, tears of sweet admiration poured right out of my heart. Macklemore and Ryan Lewis' complete disregard for hip-hop normalcies is not only beautiful, it's kick-ass. The duo manages to kick homophobia in the face, bash the asinine formalities of the recording industry, and tackle the intricate battles of drug addiction, all on an independently released album that debuted at #2 on the Billboard 200 Chart. Ryan Lewis' innovative production aside, what is perhaps the greatest aspect of *The Heist* is Macklemore's lyrical genius.

Reaching #1 on charts internationally, the album's fifth single, "Thrift Shop," refreshingly deviates from consumer culture's influence on hip-hop in the same manner that The Cool Kids', "What Up Man," does. The song at first listen seems to just be a silly recollection of trips to a thrift shop paired with a delicious beat and a viral hook. Simply put, "Thrift Shop," is a damn good time. But submerged in a genre modernly and deeply rooted in the fashion industry, Macklemore rocks his footie pajamas and makes one hell of a comment on America's disheartening credit card consistency. That comment being: we, as an entire culture, need to learn how to start saving some money.

While in an article with *GQ*, Macklemore admitted he wastes a lot of money on random buys at thrift shops, and as *Spin* painted him as a glorified-poseur-thriftier, the sentiments are still there: Americans spend way too much money that they don't have, and it has got to stop. Critics seem to be in a divide as to whether or not Macklemore's crusade against getting "swindled and pimped" by business is sincere. The simplicity of the song and the mention of things like a "skeet blanket," seem to be what trip up critics most, suggesting that Macklemore doesn't understand the thrift culture and those who actually rely on thrift prices to sustain their wardrobe.

Regardless of what side you're on, is there any way to justify spending fifty bucks on a t-shirt? As the song's YouTube hits close in on the 100 million mark, whether or not that message is sinking in can't be determined, but as Macklemore tells those that are glorifying hip-hop culture to stuff their wads of cash in their Gucci pockets, it's obvious people are at least listening.

As quirky and absurd as "Thrift Shop" seems, it's dripping with realism. Tossing the hip-hop status quo into the pile of thrift shop finds out of Macklemore's $12.99 price range, I can only hope that this trend of frugality at its finest catches on, 'cause there truly is nothing like spending a buck on something usually worth fifty. We are a country with a shrinking middle class, and it's about damn time somebody on the Billboard stopped popping champagne and started rapping about it.

ME AND MY GUITAR

BY CALEB RECHTEN

Let me explain myself. This was a big decision for me.

I don't feel like this should be an odd thing, but no one really does it. I haven't always carried my guitar with me, and for weeks after I started to, it felt like something I wasn't supposed to be doing. I'm not going to play at a show and I'm not coming from one either. I thought a million different things that people could think from seeing me walking around with my guitar. Anything from automatically thinking I was really good at the guitar (a thought which made me feel like a poser, because when I started walking around with this, I was barely able to play a single song, let alone a few chords) to thinking I was annoying for having such a bulky thing to carry around with me through doors and on the bus. I worried for a long time what people would think.

At some point, I had enough of considering all the things people would think and decided that it didn't matter, because if I wanted to learn to play the guitar, there wasn't any other way to learn.

I carry my acoustic guitar with me everywhere. I commute to school, I work, and go to class on several different campuses. I don't really have a good chunk of spare time to do much of anything with, so the only way I'm able to practice is between classes and work.

Having a guitar with me all the time has changed the way some people directly interact with me; some good and some bad. The other day, I had this one elderly guy on the bus, who was clearly drunk, start talking to me because of my guitar. I'm pretty sure he thought I was a girl (he kept winking) but in a way that I wasn't sure if it was just a twitch or he thought he was being smooth. He asked me what I played and what kind of music influenced me. I named The White Stripes, The Dear Hunter, Muse, and he told me "No names, what genres?" I started to say that I was influenced by pretty much everything except-- "No exsscepts, what genre?" I told him folk music, just to satisfy his unbelief that someone could be more diverse in music. I mentioned Bob Dylan and that seemed to please him. It's not like it wasn't true, it just wasn't everything.

I had another guy start asking me all sorts of questions about playing the guitar. He clearly thought I was much better at the guitar than I actually was at the time (he didn't play) by the way he was asking things.

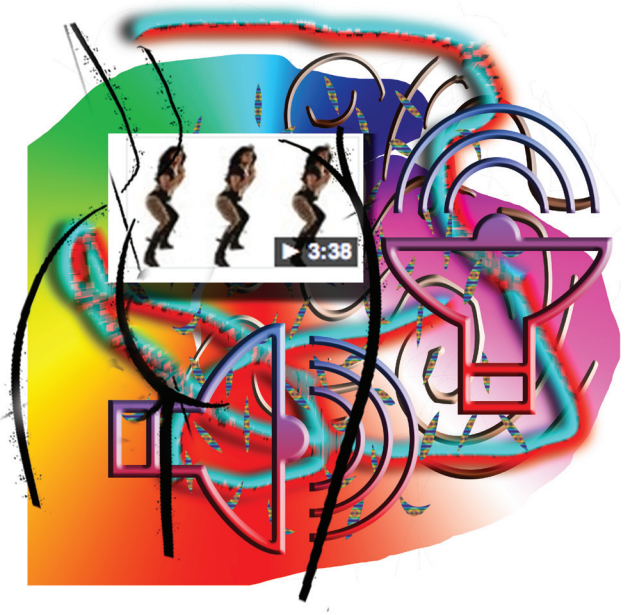
Despite these more awkward encounters, I have had some really excellent ones. I was playing out by a gazebo while I was waiting for my friend (another good aspect of always having a guitar, it gives you something to do) and this bike rider lookin' guy walks up to me. At first I thought I was being too loud and too terrible at the same time and he was going to tell me to shut up, but he came over because he plays too. We had a great conversation about music and then he took off.

In short, deciding to carry my guitar around with me was one of the best decisions I could have ever made. I would love to see more people carrying around instruments with them and maybe make it not so unusual. It's a good way to remember to practice; it's hard to forget when you have one strapped to your back.

Since deciding to do this, I've learned loads, obtained proper calluses, formed blisters underneath those calluses, kept playing (which caused those blisters to bleed) and consequently felt like a bad-ass. My guitar hasn't just become a necessary attachment for the sake of improving, or even learning the basics: it is now part of who I am. I'd compare it to a favorite watch or hat or coat. It's become that familiar, but means so much more.

Why did the Caleb cross the road?

TWERK TIL IT HURTS



BY LIZZIE ROBERTS
ART BY RORY ROSENBERG

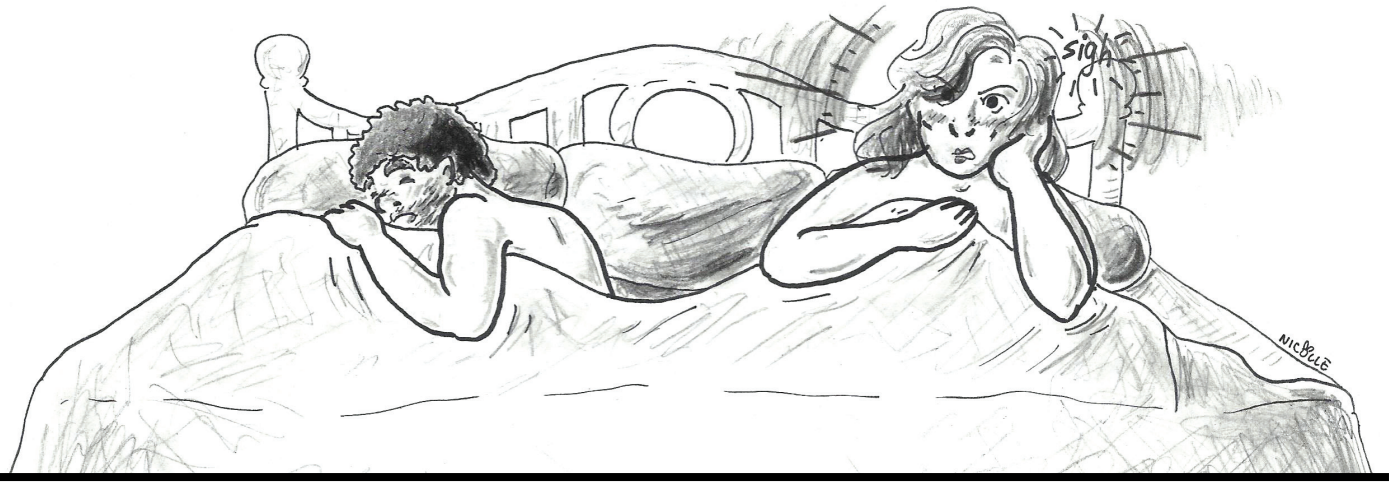
I fancy myself as someone who is typically on top of musical trends. So while at Electric Zoo Festival in September, when I heard a ridiculously dirty-sounding remix of G.O.O.D. Music's "Mercy" by Salva and RL Grime, I was a little miffed as to what exactly I was listening to. I knew it was "Mercy," but it sounded different: the bass was stripped bare and sounded a hundred times more powerful than it did with someone rapping over it. Not to say that I don't love rap, because I certainly am a fan. But this was so *visceral*; when someone says they can feel music, that was exactly what was happening. I honestly was so excited and mystified, I think I had a small panic attack, as I often do when I hear great music.

I came to learn, after a couple weeks searching for that particular remix, that what I had heard was trapstep. Trap music, trapstep's older cousin, is a huge part of Southern rap and rapping about drugs; "trap" in Southern rap is an area where drug dealing is carried out. If you're a fan of rap, you probably heard trap in 2004, under the lyrics of T.I.'s second album, *Trap Muzik*. Although trap music existed before this album, *Trap Muzik* brought trap to a larger audience. More recently, Chicago rapper Chief Keef and everyone's favorite Titty Boi, 2 Chainz, can be heard rapping over trap beats.

Although trap remains a fundamental part of some rap subgenres, trap itself has moved to different subgenres, arguably the most popular being trapstep. Trapstep combines both elements of EDM and elements of hip-hop. It's slower than your average dubstep and faster than your average hip-hop. There are sometimes lyrics to trapstep, but the bass, at least to me, is the most prominent feature of the subgenre. That filthy bass, coincidentally, leads to some raunchy twerkin'. If you ever go to a show where the DJ plays trap, you will see some INTENSE ass-shaking. I recently saw Diplo,where an entire wall was devoted solely to twerking. **Forreal**. It said: "Twerk Wall."

The emergence of trapstep as a genre and the dancing that goes along with it are indicative of how much EDM is becoming a subculture. There are certain clothes, certain shoes, certain drugs, even certain gloves that accompany the EDM life. Music today is so vastly different than music twenty, thirty years ago; some think for the worse. I happen to think for the better. The expansion of music into electronica opens up a lot of opportunity for different types of music and musical experimentation with old forms, and fortunately, allows for the birth of subgenres like trapstep. Music, with the help of technology, can only expand from here and keep those who seek the next best thing satisfied.

Rave on.



• F WITHOUT B •

BY SARA LEIBOWITZ

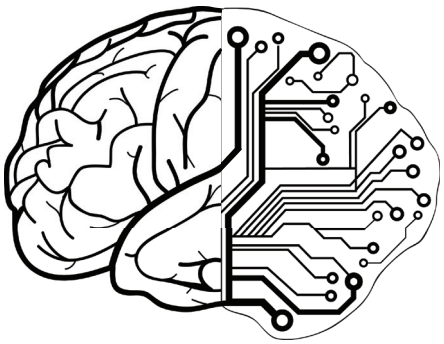
The unofficial rule on college campuses is that hooking up prevails over relationships and that dating is completely nonexistent. I'm fine with it. I understand that we're young, attractive, and our hormones are raging harder than a sorority girl at EDC. I've had my fair share of relationships, but just as all good things come to an end, so did my relationships. However, the men that have brought me the most trouble are the ones I wasn't serious about. I'm talking about the continuous hookup, for the record, not the one-night stand. In my experience, I've come across a lot of men who just don't know how to have sex without being awkward about it.

I used to hook up with a guy who I could also hang out with. We were friends before we started doing the deed. I thought we could maintain a "friends with benefits" situation without awkwardness, but boy, was I wrong. After a few weeks, he started assuming that I had feelings for him and had a patronizing and quite unnecessary talk with me about what it means to be in a FWB situation. I was so furious about his naïve assumption that we never hooked up again. I've had other experiences where guys suddenly start acting awkward or give me the "I don't know what to do... I think you're starting to like me" look. And it pisses me off. I'm an adult, and so are you. We both made a mature decision to have sex without involving feelings, and I respect that. It angers me that guys assume girls are at "risk" for taking things too seriously.

Unfortunately, many girls are unfairly boxed into that assumption. Although guys have a right to be wary of a potential blow up in a FWB relationship, not every girl is the same. A true FWB is just a casual, no-strings-attached hookup. Most people treat it as such, and that includes women too. At this age, most of us are smart and rational enough to either stay away from vulnerable situations (like hooking up with someone we want to date) or extricate ourselves from them as soon as they happen. Also, it's not like a girl thinks that a guy wants to date her just because he finds her attractive enough to sleep with. So, it's unfair for guys to assume that a girl who finds them attractive and likable will immediately get attached.

College life is busy and hectic, to say the least. The dating scene is very limited, and even when given the option of having one, relationships are difficult to maintain at this age. So, casual sex is the best way to be single and sexually active. At our age, the best thing can often be to find a decent-looking, experienced man who is a tolerable conversationalist and sleep with him. However, it makes it so much harder when complications arise.

ON BEING NEUROTIC



BY LUKE TULLY
ART BY SATINDER K. BAWA

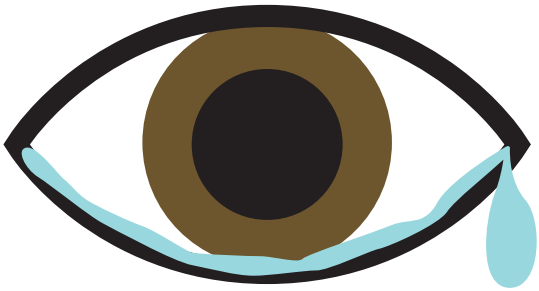
Maybe I read too many novels with protagonists that are depressed or disturbed, perpetually in the throes of some internal conflict, but I've found neuroticism to be the best lens through which to perceive and think about the world. The neurotic brain demands for every utterance, gesture, thought to be analyzed and then re-analyzed, until all meaning, however obscured or distorted by the extraction, has been wrung out and brought to the surface. It wonders at the arrogance and presumption of those confident and self-assured people who move so smoothly through life, who appear as untroubled by the absurdities and inconsistencies of existence as the neurotic are tortured and bewildered by them.

It seems strange to praise neuroticism when it can be the source of so many troubles, but it's exactly these troubles I appreciate. Being neurotic forces you to scrutinize everything, to break down and investigate the hidden machinery of the world in a struggle to understand. It is this struggle that teaches you the most about yourself, brings you closer to the edge to peer into that incomprehensible inner abyss. It is through these inner efforts that you come to understand the vastness and almost infinite complexity of the self and in turn recognize this expansiveness in others. It is in this way that neuroticism creates empathy. When one unavoidably comes face to face with the myriad and often conflicting forces which create one's thoughts and opinions, as the neurotic does, the impossibility of judgment becomes apparent. It forces a self-reflection which eventually expands to other minds and allows you to get a glimpse, however infinitesimal compared to the whole, of someone else's inner universe, your egotism finally realizing with astonishment the humanity in others.

While this may seem too obvious to even merit the mention, I can only come to the conclusion that people who do not or cannot see the humanity in others certainly exist, as every type of person certainly does. These are the people who would rather believe in two-dimensional cardboard versions of others, the easier to categorize and put into boxes, rather than deal with the admittedly staggering implications of every person they've ever seen, containing a cosmos as rich and immense as the one inside themselves. Neurotics often feel that they are broken in some way, that their minds cannot fully assimilate the logic and rules and rhetoric of a comprehensible world.

But this is not the case. Neurotics are simply attuned to the fact that the world itself is broken, illogical, and unknowable. So don't despair - being a neurotic is a daily trial by fire which leaves you slightly singed, but triumphantly more human.

WHY MUST I CRY?



BY LIZZIE ROBERTS

I can never predict when it's going to happen. But, it does, almost every time. I'm sitting there, listening intently, listening too much if that's even possible. Hanging onto every last word. The words are beautiful, lyrical almost, but ultimately, I know they're not what's going to prompt Niagara Falls to spurt out of my eyes.

I know the moment is coming; I can feel it—that awkward, painful lump in the back of my throat. The figures are so beautiful, the colors, the light. I really have got to stop getting so emotional, but it's all just so sensory and beautiful and makes you feel like you just popped a whole lot of Molly. So euphoric.

The slide changes. Oh Jesus. A pale lady stands naked on a clamshell. She looks like she's floating. It's *The Birth of Venus* by Botticelli. It's almost instantaneous. Niagara Falls unleashes its wrath, washing over my face, my mascara running in awkward trails down my face. I can't choke back the sobs; unfortunately, when I cry I sound like Sylvester Stallone getting punched in the gut over and over via "Rocky." Equally unfortunate, people have started to notice; I can see strange side-glances cast in my direction. But I just can't stop. Everything about what I see is so beautiful. I can't stop. Oh dear God.

It's all too much. It's sensory overload; my eyes just can't handle it. The way everything seems so unreal in the painting, everything is floating. I can't stop sobbing. Nothing should be able to make me have such a visceral emotional reaction, especially because I cry, on average, five times a year. But this sensory overload has changed that. I now can count on sobbing loudly twice a week, early in the morning, much to my dismay and everyone else's in the lecture hall where I have my favorite class of this semester: Art History.

A Brave Goat in Ghana

by Toni Kwadzogah

Breach by Ali Worthington

The landscape winds long, and the road waxes poetic. The rusted-so-deep-it's-brown-and-burgundy car rumbles beneath my head, beneath my sister's lap, coming somewhere before the asphalt but after the wheels. The roof, slathered in grey upholstery slipping from the underside, shakes. Dust and bits of fluff cascade down, coating us four—Mom in the passenger, Dad at the wheel, Tina upright, me dozing in her lap—in fine layers of consumer-grade ash. They are everywhere, it is everywhere, lands in my hair, on my hands, on my bare knees and shoulders.

One lands precisely on the tip of my nose. This must be what Disney princesses feel like.

Pins and needles prickle my arms, stab the soles of my sandaled feet, and I shift in place,

gaze sliding from the roof of the car to the roof of the Earth. The clouds whip by, wispy and

bright against the deep blue sky, like soap on water, like soap on water like soap on water like

soap.

And we roll on. And the miles stroll past. And the trees fly by in clusters. Long expanses

of flat, dry, brown land greet us in-between.

The wind whistles, screaming through open windows, whipping around us, past my

father's shoulder, across my mother's eyes, through my sister's hair, in and out of my cupped hands, and out, out out the other side, out through both sides, waves of wind passing and crashing, crashing and passing.
And we go on, and the miles sweep past us, and trees whip by, and the shadows of branches cut the harsh sunlight into orange-yellow clusters.
My head presses against the headrest. The sun beams down and burns my eyelids. Spots swarm in front of my eyes. I'm wide awake, too alert, eyes too wide, senses too peaked.
Everything within sight is in blunt bright clear high definition. The air is cold, cuts across my cheeks now, chill creeps down my spine.
Trees streak by, we push into an endless dry, brown expanse, over and on again. It's hard to tell if we're actually moving or if the sky is.
And from there, I turn ahead. To the road that leads into outskirts, leads into cities, sound houses made of cement crowded with family, cousins and aunts, sister-in-laws, and brothers, to towns with unpaved streets, middle-school-aged kids selling food and keepsakes to tourists instead of starving on the walk home from morning class.
The stench of privilege, middle-class wealth, Americanness follows us everywhere. To Aunt Inno's house in downtown Kumasi, my father's old home on the shore in Keta, my uncle's little school built from wood and tin and a prayer in Abidjan.
To the Botanical Gardens, to Lake Volta ferries, to the former slave ports. Tourist traps filled with people who share my nationality, but not my skin color. Everywhere. It is everywhere. It screams, crashes down on us, me, Mom, my sister.

Then we rise.
Fall sharp.
The car jerks.
Brakes. Hard.
Tires screeeeech. Mom's hand. To Dad's shoulder.
I fly.
Forward. Into the driver's seat.
To the floor.
Elbows slam on rubber floor mat.
Another screech. I'm not sure if it's me, Mom, or the tires.
No one speaks. Something is rattling, shaking.
It's Tina. Her teeth. Her retainer.
My shoulder aches.

I'M WIDE AWAKE, TOO ALERT, EYES TOO WIDE, SENSES TOO PEAKED. EVERYTHING WITHIN SIGHT IS IN BLUNT BRIGHT CLEAR HIGH DEFINITION.

Her fingers are curled around my wrist.
"What happened?"
Her voice comes out in a deep croak. Dad's fingers are gripped tight around the wheel.
His glasses are a tad askew.
"Ran over a goat."
The inside is quiet. The rumbling continues. Hilariously enough, a tumbleweed rolls across the road in the silence. I pick up my voice, along with the rest of me. Pull myself back into my seat.
"You drove taxis in New York for twenty years, and you couldn't avoid a goat on an empty road in the middle of Ghana?"
Silence again. Then:
Mom snorts.
Tina snickers.
Dad shifts in his seat.
"He didn't move," he offers. His foot comes off the brake. We start forward. "He just kept staring at me." Mom lets out what can best be called a cackle.
"You played a game of chicken with a goat?"
Dad shrugs.
"He was a brave goat."

LET TEACHERS PLAY TOO!!

BY LEE SELTZER

The Communist League

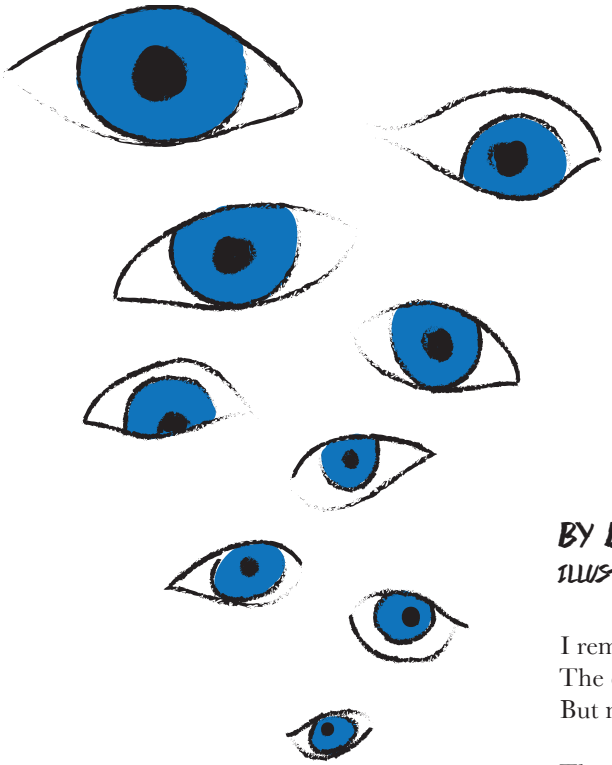
It was a day like any other day in Professor Markifitz's history class. As per usual, he ended his lecture with one of his favorite baseball facts, as Professor Markifitz is known for both his love of Communist thought and baseball. However, as everyone was leaving, I noticed a sad look on his face. As I could not stand to see my beloved Professor Markifitz upset, I went to ask him what was wrong. He responded, "Oh Lee, I still love watching baseball, but how I miss playing it…" At that very moment, I suddenly realized how few resources were available for professors who also want to be sportsmen.

This is particularly upsetting considering how easy it is to be a sportsman if you're a student here. With all the sports teams that students can join, why aren't there any for teachers too? That's why I propose the NCAA create a separate league to allow faculty to play. That way, Professor Markifitz can get in touch with his love of baseball again. Of course, as it is with regard to student sports, the most attention will be placed on football.

However, there are some obvious concerns with this. We must work to prevent ageism amongst our scholarly Scarlet Knights. For this reason, I propose an Affirmative-Action-like constraint to make sure that these teams are not exclusively made up of youngins. To balance it out, I propose that at least 25% of each team must be made up of faculty members who are at least 50 years old. That way, older professors with passion will not be kept away from the sports they love because of youngins who are more physically able. You might argue that older professors will be less likely to play due to risk of injury, but I disagree. No matter your age, if you really love the sport, you will still play through injuries.

A question that comes to mind is how to fund the teams. However, I have a proposal that will also screen out those who do not truly desire to play. I suggest that funding for this league comes directly out of the salaries of the professors playing. That way, only the true sportsmen will participate. The professors will only be allowed to be a part of the league if they can show they seriously care for it.

A university should provide services for all of those in its community. However, we fail to provide an outlet for all the sportsmen teaching and doing research here. By creating a faculty league within the NCAA, we will finally be able to give sportsmen like Professor Markifitz a chance to show off their talents once again.



REDEMPTION

BY DALTON MACK

ILLUSTRATION BY SATINDER K. BAWA

I remember when you used to scrape the inside of my stomach
The days when I lied to myself
But never to you

That month came again and I wanted to rip off this layer of skin
Maybe then the gates would open

Only when eyes are shut do my lips touch yours
Meaningless wisps are footsteps in an empty hallway

I'm naked with my eyes trampled under your feet
And my throat in a box.

Flanked by sinister
I find you but now
Nothing goes beyond the surface

I want to shatter you
Break you apart and rebuild you from the shards
Stitch you back from the threads laid bare

Beautiful eyes
But I'd pry them out if only
To look inside your head and see if maybe I'm there.

You run away from the notion of a kick to the teeth
The road ends one day and

Like always

It's up to you.

WANT TO JOIN THE RUTGERS REVIEW?

MEETINGS
mondays 9:10pm
scott hall
room 106

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